

# **EXHIBIT H**

**Sennott Williams  
& Rogers, LLP**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW

July 10, 2018

VIA: FEDERAL EXPRESS AND EMAIL (jcohen@cohenblg.com)

Jeffrey A. Cohen  
Cohen Business Law Group, P.C.  
10990 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1025  
Los Angeles, CA 90024

***\*\*SETTLEMENT COMMUNICATION SUBJECT TO FED. R. EVID. 408 and MASS. R.  
EVID. 408\*\*\****

Re: Dawn Dorland Copyright Claim

Mr. Cohen,

We represent the Boston Book Festival (“BBF”), a non-profit corporation that operates, among other events and programs, the One City One Story program (“1C1S”). We are in receipt of your letter on behalf of Dawn Dorland (“Dorland”) dated July 3, 2018 and addressed to the BBF.

As your letter notes, the BBF has been in discussions with Dorland concerning the BBF’s intention to publish a short story authored by Sonya Larson entitled “The Kindest” as part of this year’s 1C1S program. Dorland has asserted, and you have repeated in your letter, a claim that a small portion of the original version of “The Kindest,” as published in *American Short Fiction* (Volume 20, Issue 65, Summer 2017), infringed the copyright in a letter (the “Dorland Letter”) purportedly written and owned by Dorland. As a result of these discussions with Dorland, and out of an abundance of caution, the allegedly infringing section of “The Kindest” was edited.

In your letter, you acknowledge that you have not had a chance to review that edited version. In the hopes of bringing this matter to a swift conclusion, I have enclosed herewith the edited version of the relevant section of “The Kindest” as it appears in the current printer’s proof. I’m sure you will agree that this revised version is clearly not an infringement of any copyright rights your client may have in the Dorland Letter.

Jeffrey A. Cohen

July 10, 2018

Page 2

While the BBF is confident that your client will have no legitimate legal claim against the BBF for its publication of this revised version of "The Kindest," it remains interested in amicably resolving this matter, if possible. Accordingly, in exchange for a complete release of claims, the BBF will add the following acknowledgement to its publication of the revised version of "The Kindest":

*"This story appears in an altered form from its first publication in American Short Fiction. The Boston Book Festival thanks Dawn Dorland, a living kidney donor, for her involvement in this publication."*

The BBF has a strict print deadline of Friday, July 13, 2018. Accordingly, we will need your client's assent to the above terms by no later than **Thursday, July 12, 2018** in order to include the proposed acknowledgement.

We do not see a need to specifically address the remainder of your letter, but our silence in this regard should not be read as acceptance of, or agreement with, any of the claims or assertions made therein. We hereby reserve all of our client's rights in law or in equity, or both.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Paul Sennott", written over a horizontal line.

Paul S. Sennott

cc: Norah Piehl, Deputy Director, Boston Book Festival

(enclosure)

cushion, thumbing the grooves of dragon tails that curled down the armrests. Suddenly the chair seemed too big for me, too grand. But that was ridiculous—when Grandma was alive she would fart all over this thing. I scooched my butt, got comfy. Bao folded up the wheelchair. To the curb went the crutches, the walker, both canes. We could have recycled them or given them away, but we liked watching the garbage men hurl them into the truck, those grimy walls descending to slurp them up for good.

Right about then is when the letter shows up.

Bao was at work. It was a sunny, ignorant day.

It came in the mailbox: real envelope and paper and gold sticker sealing the flap. It was wrapped in a second letter from the surgeon himself, his boxy handwriting rushed with loops of fervor. So awestruck was he by the selflessness that he just had to chaperone the missive himself. I looked at his letter. I thought that doctors couldn't write at all, not even their own names.

Then came hers. She had used a notepad shaped like a daisy. Blue gel pen.

Dear Friend,

*By now you are likely wondering just who this person—your kidney donor—could possibly be. Today I reach out to share a warm hello. It is me.*

*I am a thirty-eight-year-old white female, and I live in Newton, Massachusetts (born and raised). Last year, while lost in a difficult period, I saw a documentary about altruistic kidney donation. As the credits rolled, I felt shocked by the daily hardship of so many people in need. Equipped with this new awareness, I set forth on a journey to offer a great gift, to do my part in bettering a fellow human's life.*

I shook open the letter. Six whole daisy pages. Stuff about her surgery, the prep, the PT. It went on.

*I'm so grateful to the MGH transplant team, who held my hand from my hand from very first blood test. I myself know something of suffering, but from those experiences I've learned courage and perseverance. Whatever you've endured, remember that you are never alone.*

*A few things about me: I like sailing, camping, jewelry, and cats. My journey to you has entailed immense time, money, and yes—pain. But throughout it all I found a profound sense of purpose, knowing that your life depended on my gift.*

I stared at the YOUR LIFE, underlined three times.

*Now I smile at the thought that you are enjoying renewed health. I hope—with all my heart—that you feel emboldened with a new sense of hope.*

*Naturally, I am curious about your healing, and perspective on our shared experience. Perhaps we could meet. If you'd rather not, that's fine, but I'll leave my number here regardless. Consider it token of my affection-- a lifeline, should you ever need reminding that you are loved.*

Kindly,

Rose M. Rothario

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THE KINCENT